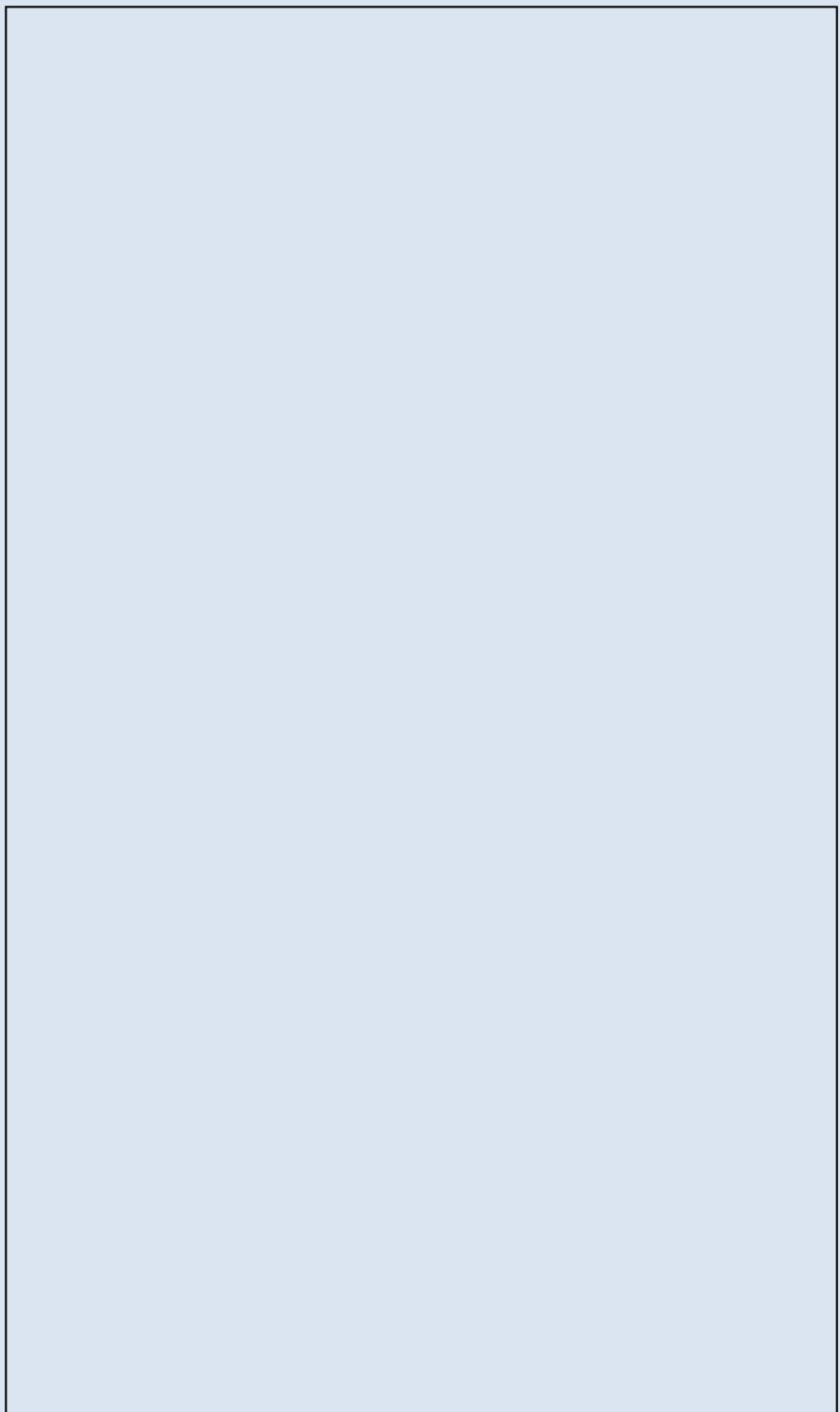


DEATH OR YOU



Mohammad Sheikh Shahinur Rahman



Death or you

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Dedicated to ...

To the memory of those who have touched our lives and left an indelible mark upon our hearts, this book is dedicated.

To the loved ones whose presence is felt even in their absence, whose lives have shaped the very fabric of our being.

To the seekers of truth and beauty, who find solace and inspiration in the dance of life, the mystery of death, and the enduring power of love.

And to all those who have supported and believed in this journey, your encouragement and faith have made this work possible.

May these pages offer a reflection of the shared experiences that bind us all and a tribute to the enduring spirit of those we hold dear.

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Mohammad Sheikh Shahinur Rahman

Death or you

INTRODUCTION

In the tapestry of existence, three threads intertwine with profound complexity: life, death, and love. Each of these elements, while distinct in its own right, weaves together to form the intricate pattern of our human experience. "Death or You" seeks to explore and illuminate these themes through the lens of poetry, offering reflections that resonate with the heart and mind.

Life is a journey of continual discovery, a dance of beginnings and endings, joy and sorrow. It is the spark that ignites our dreams, the force that propels us forward through challenges and triumphs. Our moments of vitality, creativity, and connection shape the essence of our existence, painting our world with colors both bright and muted. Through life, we learn, we grow, and we seek meaning in every experience.

Death, the inevitable counterpart to life, casts a shadow of finality and mystery. It is a realm where our earthly journey meets its end, yet it also stands as a poignant reminder of the fragility and impermanence of our time. Death challenges us to confront our fears, to cherish the moments we have, and to find solace in the continuum that transcends our physical being. It is both an ending and a passage, a threshold to the unknown.

Love, the eternal flame that binds us, serves as a beacon through both life and death. It is the force that connects souls, transcends boundaries, and defies the limitations of time and space. Love imbues our experiences with depth and meaning, offering comfort in moments of grief and joy in times of celebration. It is a force that endures beyond the temporal realm, a testament to the profound impact of our connections with others.

As we journey through the pages of "Death or You," we will traverse the landscapes of these themes, exploring their intersections and contrasts. Each poem serves as a reflection, a fragment of a larger mosaic that speaks to the universal experiences that bind us all. May these verses offer insight, solace, and inspiration as we navigate the intricate dance of life, death, and love.

PERSONAL REFLECTIONS

"Death or You" is more than just a collection of poems; it is a reflection of my own journey through the intricate landscapes of life, death, and love. Each poem in this collection emerges from a place of deep contemplation, personal experience, and heartfelt exploration of these profound themes.

Life, in its full spectrum, has been my most constant companion. It is the laughter shared with loved ones, the challenges faced, and the quiet moments of introspection. Through these poems, I have sought to capture the essence of life's vibrancy and the moments that define our existence. The experiences that have shaped me, from joyous milestones to moments of vulnerability, find their voice in these verses.

Death has been a recurring shadow, a reminder of life's impermanence and the delicate balance we maintain between our dreams and our mortality. My reflections on death are not merely about loss, but about the understanding that every ending is also a beginning. The poems in this section are born from a place of trying to reconcile the finality of death with the hope that endures beyond it.

Love is the thread that weaves through all aspects of our lives, a force that connects us to others and to ourselves. It is the inspiration behind many of these poems, capturing both the joy of connection and the ache of separation. Love, in all its forms, offers a counterpoint to the somber themes of life and death, reminding us of the beauty and depth that it brings to our existence.

As you read these poems, you are invited into my world—a space where personal reflections and universal themes intertwine. These verses are not just an exploration of abstract concepts but a personal journey through the emotions and experiences that define us. They represent moments of insight, sorrow, and joy, crafted with the hope that they resonate with your own experiences and reflections.

Thank you for joining me on this journey through the realms of life, death, and love. May these poems offer you both solace and inspiration, and may you find a part of your own story within these pages.

DEATH OR YOU

death or you—
Both are mysterious.
shadow on one side,
Light next to the other.

Death comes silently,
brings the cool breeze,
Yet hidden within him,
A glimpse of an unknown peace.

You come as the pulse of life,
With the warmth of love,
Yet one day you may be far away,
And death will be my remaining
companion.

death or you—
Dilemma of survival
Who else can do it than you?
Such a question in my mind!
Still I go on,
hold your hand
Death may be waiting,
right after you
at your end

Death or you - Mohammad Sheikh
Shahinur Rahman.

#Poetry

ECLIPSE OF BREATH

A shadow crawls across the sky,
Like whispered secrets of the night,
The sun retreats, a fading sigh—
And darkness swallows all the light.

I stand within the stillness, cold,
The air, too heavy to inhale,
And in the silence, I behold
The thin, translucent edge of frail.

A breath, once full of life, now slows,
Suspended in this fleeting space,
Where time, like ripples, comes and goes,
And death's soft fingers brush my face.

Fear tightens like a coiling vine,
Yet something deeper calls me near—
A lullaby of fate's design,
An end that quiets every fear.

In this eclipse, I find a peace,
The final breath that sets me free,
As all the light and shadows cease,
I slip into eternity.

WHISPERING SHADOWS

In corners where the light can't reach,
The shadows whisper soft and low,
Their secrets carried in the breach
Between the living and the woe.

They linger close, a quiet hum,
A breath upon the autumn breeze,
Their words as fleeting as they come,
Like whispers lost among the trees.

In every step, in every pause,
They follow, never far behind,
Reminding us of nature's laws,
That death is not so ill-defined.

They trace the outlines of our days,
In silken strands of darkened thread,
And though we live in bright arrays,
We walk beside the quiet dead.

Their murmurs fill the empty space,
A promise held in darkened air—
That one day, we too, will embrace
The shadows waiting, always there.

FADING ECHOES

A voice once vibrant, now grows thin,
Like ripples fading on the shore,
The echoes of what once had been
Are whispers of a life no more.

They linger in the quiet air,
The laughter, soft as distant rain,
Yet slowly vanish, unaware
That nothing of them will remain.

The walls no longer hold the sound
Of steps that once had filled the room,
Now silence settles all around,
A quiet song of pending gloom.

Each memory, a fleeting glow,
A flicker in the heart's dark hall,
But as the winds of time do blow,
They dim and finally lose their call.

And so we fade, like echoes still—
A presence felt, but growing weak,
Until we slip beyond the hill,
Where shadows rise, and none can speak.

MIDNIGHT'S EMBRACE

When the clock strikes the hour of night,
And shadows fold into the dark,
The world succumbs to quiet's might,
Embraced by stillness, soft and stark.

Midnight, with its cloak of shade,
Wraps us in its cool, calm grace,
And time seems to pause, delayed,
As night caresses every place.

The moonlight dances on the breeze,
Casting silvery, fleeting dreams,
And in this tranquil, gentle ease,
The heart finds solace in its seams.

Death's calm presence feels akin
To midnight's deep and soothing air,
A quiet end, where life has been,
And darkness is a whispered prayer.

In this embrace, both stark and kind,
We find a peace that shadows bring,
Where fears dissolve and hearts unwind,
And souls prepare for what's to sing.

As midnight fades into the dawn,
We drift in quiet, sweet repose,
Knowing that we'll carry on—
In dreams where midnight's comfort grows.

IN THE MIRROR'S GAZE

Before the glass, where truth is laid,
I stand in silence, face to face,
The mirror's eye, so cold and staid,
Reflects the lines of time's embrace.

In its clear depths, I seek to find
The face of life that once was bright,
Yet in its surface, truth is lined
With shadows of encroaching night.

The years, they etch their tale in skin,
A map of sorrows, joys, and fears,
And as I gaze, I feel within
The weight of all my passing years.

The reflection shows what's left behind—
A life that's lived, with love and pain,
And in this moment, I unwind,
Confronting life's inevitable chain.

The mirror holds my gaze, unmoved,
As if it knows the secrets deep,
Of all the dreams that I have proved,
And all the promises I keep.

In its quiet, watchful stare,
I see the end as much as start,
A journey marked with silent care,
A fleeting glimpse into the heart.

And as I turn from glass to day,
I carry with me what I've seen—
A truth that time will not betray,
And in its gaze, a life serene.

THE FINAL EXHALE

In the hush of twilight's veil,
Where day and night in silence meet,
A breath is drawn, then fades, so pale—
The final exhale, soft and sweet.

It lingers briefly in the air,
A whisper of a life once lived,
And in that fragile, fleeting flare,
The essence of existence is giv'n.

The chest, once rising, gently falls,
As if to say a last goodnight,
And silence settles in the halls,
Where echoes of the past take flight.

The final exhale, a quiet sigh,
A parting gift of breath's release,
It marks the end of life's long try,
And ushers in a timeless peace.

In that moment, all seems still,
As if the world itself has ceased,
And in the calm, a gentle thrill—
The promise of a soul's release.

It drifts away, like smoke on wind,
Into the vast, eternal sea,
And in that soft, diminishing spin,
It finds the place where it is free.

GRAVESIDE SERENADE

Beneath the oak, where shadows rest,
I stand beside your silent bed,
A quiet place where dreams are pressed,
And memories of you are spread.

The grave, a gentle, solemn mark,
Holds all that remains of you,
And in the stillness of the dark,
I sing a tune both soft and true.

The wind carries a mournful song,
Through branches bare and skies so wide,
A serenade where I belong,
To honor you, my guide and pride.

The notes, though simple, rise and fall,
A melody of love and loss,
To bridge the gap, to touch it all,
And soothe the heart, though tempest-tossed.

In this quiet, hallowed place,
I lay my heart with every note,
And as the echoes gently grace,
The earth, I feel your spirit float.

The serenade is not goodbye,
But a promise carried on the breeze,
That though you rest beneath the sky,
Your presence lingers in the trees.

So as I leave this sacred site,
And shadows lengthen with the day,
I know your light will shine tonight,
In every song and every sway.

ULLABY OF THE DEPARTED

Underneath the moon's soft glow,
Where night enfolds the world in peace,
A lullaby of dreams does flow,
To soothe the souls that seek release.

The stars above, like ancient eyes,
Watch over as the night unfolds,
And in their gaze, the spirit flies,
To realms where gentle silence holds.

I hum a tune both calm and clear,
A melody for those now gone,
A soothing balm to calm each fear,
And guide them to the break of dawn.

The echoes of their lives resound,
In whispers on the midnight air,
A song of love, both deep and profound,
To cradle them with tender care.

In this quiet, sacred space,
Where shadows dance with soft caress,
I sing to them with warm embrace,
A lullaby of tenderness.

And as the night begins to wane,
I send my love with every note,

To touch their hearts and ease their pain,
In dreams where they may gently float.

So rest, dear ones, beneath the sky,
In slumber's arms, forever sweet,
For in this lullaby's soft sigh,
Our souls and memories shall meet.

THE LAST SUNSET

As day descends in fiery hues,
And twilight paints the sky in gold,
The final sunset bids adieu,
A farewell tale of light retold.

The sun, in its last brilliant blaze,
Sinks slowly into evening's shroud,
A final dance of fleeting rays,
Before the night descends its cloud.

The sky, a canvas rich and deep,
Blends crimson, orange, violet shades,
In silence, I watch the colors sweep,
As daylight's curtain softly fades.

This sunset, like a life well-lived,
Is vibrant, full, and then it's gone,
Its beauty lingers, then it gives
Way to the peace of dusk's calm song.

In this final, glowing light,
I see the end with quiet grace,
And in the dusk of approaching night,
I find a solace in its embrace.

For every end is but a part
Of nature's endless, timeless play,
And as the sunset warms my heart,
I know that dawn will come someday.

The last sunset's gentle kiss,
A promise wrapped in twilight's thread,
Reminds me that in moments like this,
Life's final chapter softly spreads.

HORIZON OF ASHES

Where the sky meets the earth in gray,
A distant line of smoldering fire,
The horizon burns in shades of clay—
A farewell cast in smoke's desire.

The ashes drift on winds of change,
A silent testament to what's lost,
And in their flight, a world feels strange,
Where dreams dissolve, no matter the cost.

The sun, a ghost behind the veil,
Its light diminished by the haze,
Leaves shadows where the flames prevail,
A mournful end to daylight's blaze.

In the distance, where the sky does fray,
The remnants of a life once known,
Lay scattered in the twilight gray,
Like stories that the winds have sown.

This horizon, tinged with soot and dust,
Speaks of the end of all things bright,
And in its wake, we learn to trust
That in destruction lies the light.

For from the ashes, life will rise,
As new beginnings start to form,
And though the horizon's darkened skies,
Will shift, as dawn breaks through the storm.

So as I gaze upon this view,
I see the end not as a loss,
But as the birth of something new—
A phoenix rising from the cross.

EMPTY HANDS, HEAVY HEART

In the quiet of the early morn,
I reach for what is no longer there,
My hands are empty, worn and torn,
As grief weighs down the empty air.

The spaces once filled with your touch,
Now echo with a silent plea,
And though I grasp and reach so much,
All that remains is memory.

The heart, once light and full of song,
Now bears the burden of your loss,
A weight so deep, it feels so wrong,
As if I carry endless cross.

Each morning brings a fleeting hope,
A promise of a brighter day,
Yet shadows of your absence grope,
And steal the light away.

In every corner of this room,
I search for fragments of your grace,
But find instead the darkened gloom,
And traces of an empty space.

The weight of loss is hard to bear,
A heaviness that drapes the soul,

And though I try to find repair,
The ache remains a gaping hole.

So I walk through days with heavy heart,
And in the silence, find my way,
With hands that long to grasp a part
Of what has gone, and slipped away.

TEARS ON THE WIND

The breeze carries whispers of despair,
Softly brushing against my cheek,
As if the wind itself is aware
Of the silent sorrow I seek.

Tears fall like raindrops from the sky,
Each one a fragment of my pain,
They mingle with the gusts that sigh,
And vanish in the wind's refrain.

In every gust, a memory swirls,
Of moments lost, of times we shared,
And though the wind around me whirls,
The echoes of your voice are bared.

The tears I shed become the mist,
That dances with the wind's embrace,
And in their flight, you still exist,
In every corner, every space.

The wind, it takes my grief away,
And carries it to distant lands,
Where time and tears will blend and sway,
And mingle with the shifting sands.

Though sorrow's weight is hard to bear,
I find some solace in the breeze,
For in each breath of open air,
There's a chance to find some peace.

So let the wind take tears and woe,
And turn them into fleeting sighs,
For as they travel far and go,
They're freed beneath the open skies.

BROKEN KEEPSAKES

Amidst the shards of yesterday,
I find the remnants of our past,
Keepsakes scattered, worn and frayed,
Each a memory, meant to last.

A locket once held close to heart,
Now lies in pieces, lost and cold,
A symbol of a love that's part,
Of stories that we once told.

Photographs with edges torn,
Capture moments frozen still,
Yet their colors, once bright and warm,
Now fade in time's relentless will.

The letters worn with every read,
The trinkets that we used to share,
Each broken piece now tells the need,
Of a bond that used to care.

In broken keepsakes, echoes lie,
Of laughter, tears, and days gone by,
They speak of love that cannot die,
Though time and fate have made them cry.

Yet in their fragments, I perceive,
A story of what once was true,
And though they're shattered, I believe,
Their essence still lives on in you.

So as I gather each small part,
I hold them close, though cracked and worn,
For in their breakage, I impart,
A love that's never truly torn.

CANDLE IN THE RAIN

A single flame against the storm,
A candle flickers, weak and frail,
Its light, though dim, still seeks to warm,
Amidst the tears of heaven's wail.

The rain cascades in heavy sheets,
A torrent drumming on the glass,
And as the candle's light retreats,
It battles shadows as they pass.

The wax drips down in silent grace,
A trail of moments lost in time,
And though the wind may dare to chase,
Its flicker holds a gentle rhyme.

In every drop, a whisper falls,
A soft, unspoken, mournful tune,
Yet in its light, a spirit calls,
A beacon 'neath a stormy moon.

The candle's warmth, though faint and small,
Defies the tempest's ruthless might,
And in its glow, I see the call
For hope and strength through darkest night.

As rain continues to descend,
And shadows dance upon the wall,
The candle's light, though near the end,
Remains a symbol through it all.

For in the storm, where dreams are drowned,
Its steadfast glow will still remain,
A testament to hope profound,
A light that burns amidst the rain.

UNFINISHED CONVERSATIONS

In the quiet corners of my mind,
Your words linger, soft and clear,
Echoes of a time we left behind,
Unfinished conversations, dear.

We spoke of dreams and days to come,
Of hopes that danced on future's thread,
Yet silence now fills every hum,
And words are left unsaid instead.

The moments pause where we would share,
A space now empty, void of sound,
And though I reach through the vacant air,
Your voice is nowhere to be found.

In every pause, a question waits,
A dialogue that's never closed,
And though the time has sealed the gates,
The heart still seeks what was proposed.

I hear your laughter in the breeze,
Feel echoes of your thoughts entwined,
And though our talks are lost with ease,
Their shadows still in me are enshrined.

The pages turn, the story's framed,
Yet some chapters stay undone,

And though the end remains unnamed,
The conversations still run.

So in the silence, I'll confide,
And speak to you as if you're near,
For in these thoughts, our words abide,
Unfinished, yet forever clear.

A ROOM WITHOUT YOU

In this empty space, the silence reigns,
Where once your laughter filled the air,
Now every corner holds the strains
Of echoes that no longer dare.

The walls, though still, seem to recall
The warmth of words that used to flow,
And as I wander through each hall,
I feel the absence, stark and slow.

The chair where you would often sit
Is vacant, cold, and void of grace,
And in its place, the shadows flit,
A ghostly trace of your embrace.

The photos line the faded shelves,
A testament to moments past,
Yet in their frames, I see myself,
Alone, where memories are cast.

The window, once a frame for dreams,
Now shows a world I face alone,
And as the daylight softly beams,
I realize that you are gone.

Each room, a canvas left undone,
A story paused before the end,
And though I try to carry on,
The emptiness will not pretend.

So here I stay, in this abode,
With memories that softly weep,
A room without you feels so cold,
A place where shadows gently creep.

VEINS OF SILENCE

In the stillness, silence breathes,
A quiet river flowing deep,
Its currents trace unseen beneath,
Where echoes of the past still sleep.

The veins of silence weave through time,
A tapestry of muted threads,
Where whispered words are lost in rhyme,
And shadows of the quiet spread.

Each pause a space where thoughts reside,
A chamber where the heart's unspoken,
And in its depths, the secrets hide,
In silence, softly left unbroken.

The silence hums a subtle tune,
A song that only shadows hear,
And in its calm, the night's monsoon
Brings solace to the lingering fear.

It wraps around like velvet night,
A blanket for the weary soul,
And in its arms, there lies a light,
A promise of the quiet whole.

The veins of silence pulse with grace,
A flow that speaks without a sound,
And in its depths, a sacred space
Where peace and stillness both are found.

So in this silence, I will dwell,
Embrace the quiet's gentle plea,
For in its veins, a story tells
Of calm, and hope, and mystery.

THE CHAIR IN THE CORNER

In the corner, near the light,
An empty chair sits still and bare,
Its presence casts a soft, forlorn sight,
A silent witness to the air.

The fabric, worn from years of use,
Holds the shape of moments past,
Where conversations would diffuse,
And laughter lingered, slow but fast.

Its wooden legs are marked with time,
Each scratch a tale of days long gone,
And though it stands, so calm, so prime,
Its purpose now is overdrawn.

The space beside it feels so wide,
An absence that the chair now knows,
A gap where once you would reside,
Now filled with only dust and woes.

In its stillness, stories lie,
Of times when life was full and bright,
And though it's vacant, I can spy
The shadows of those days in light.

The chair, a symbol of the past,
Reminds me of the days we'd share,
And in its quiet, I'll hold fast
To memories that linger there.

So here it stays, a constant mark,
A place where moments used to dwell,
And though the room may grow dark,
Its presence holds a gentle spell.

LETTERS TO THE AFTERLIFE

I pen my thoughts on paper's edge,
In ink that trembles with my hand,
Addressed to realms beyond the hedge,
Where shadows stretch and spirits stand.

The letters float on whispered dreams,
To places where the silence lies,
And in their folds, a message streams
Of love and loss beneath the skies.

I write of days we spent as one,
Of moments wrapped in laughter's light,
And though the words are scarcely done,
They carry on through endless night.

Each letter holds a piece of heart,
A fragment of the life we knew,
And though they travel far apart,
They seek to bridge the void with you.

The paper crinkles with my touch,
A vessel for my hopes and fears,
And as I write, I miss so much,
The echoes of your distant years.

In every word, a prayer resides,
For peace and comfort where you dwell,

And though these letters may not find
Their way, I trust that love will tell.

So here I send these notes of mine,
Across the realms, through time and space,
A heartfelt wish to intertwine
With memories that can't erase.

And if by chance they reach your land,
May they bring solace, soft and clear,
For in these letters, I extend
A love that spans both far and near.

THE SOUND OF ABSENCE

In the hush of empty space,
A silence hums its muted song,
An echo of a time and place
Where once your presence did belong.

The walls, now bare, seem to resound
With whispers of a distant sound,
A melody that can't be found,
Yet lingers in the quiet ground.

The room is filled with hollow tones,
Where laughter used to dance and play,
And in the stillness, I discern
The notes of what has gone away.

The absence speaks in soft refrains,
A symphony of what's been lost,
And though the silence softly wanes,
Its resonance is tempest-tossed.

Each breath I take, a pause of sound,
Where memories and shadows blend,
And in the quiet, I have found
The sound of absence, without end.

It drapes around like evening mist,
A subtle presence in the air,
And though it's not a thing I've kissed,
It's felt in every vacant stare.

The sound of absence fills the space,
A quiet, heavy, tender weight,
And in its silence, I embrace
The echoes of a love that's late.

So as I listen to the calm,
I hear the past's enduring plea,
A gentle balm, a quiet balm,
The sound of what will never be.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

In the twilight of the day,
Where light and dark begin to blend,
I stand upon a narrow way,
Between two worlds that never end.

The sky, a canvas brushed with hues,
Of dusk and dawn, both soft and pale,
Shows glimpses of the life I choose,
And realms where spirits gently sail.

One foot is grounded on the earth,
Where life's familiar rhythms play,
The other steps beyond its worth,
Into the vast, unknown array.

The living world, with all its grace,
Holds warmth and touch, a fleeting kiss,
Yet beckons me to seek a place
Where shadows dance and silence bliss.

In this liminal space, I dwell,
Suspended 'twixt the here and gone,
Where whispers of the past still tell
Of what's been lost and what's to come.

The breath of life, both sharp and sweet,
Meets the breath of realms unseen,
And as I walk this fragile street,
I ponder what both worlds could mean.

The balance tips, the moments sway,
Between the living and the rest,
And in this pause, I find a way
To cherish both, and be at best.

For in this space, I grasp the blend
Of what was, and what shall be,
And find a peace that gently mends
The seam of life and eternity.

So here I stand, where shadows merge,
And light and darkness intertwine,
Between two worlds, I softly urge,
To find the grace of both in kind.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND

On a shore where waves gently kiss,
The golden sands are soft and warm,
I leave my steps in fleeting bliss,
A trace of life in nature's form.

Each footprint marks a moment's grace,
A journey that the tides embrace,
And though the waves may soon erase,
The path remains in time and space.

The sun above, a witness bright,
Sees every step that I have made,
And as I walk into the light,
My footprints dance upon the shade.

The grains of sand, both fine and vast,
Hold echoes of the paths I tread,
And though the tides may move so fast,
The memories are softly spread.

As I walk through life's shifting shore,
My steps will leave their mark behind,
And though the waves may wash and pour,
The essence of my journey's signed.

For in each print, a story lies,
A tale of days both dark and fair,
And as the sea reclaims its prize,
I know my steps are lingered there.

The ebb and flow, a metaphor,
Of life's great tide and shifting span,
And as I tread from shore to shore,
I leave my mark as only man.

So as the waves renew the sand,
And memories begin to fade,
I trust that where my steps have planned,
A legacy of love is laid.

CLOCKWORK OF THE SOUL

In the heart where shadows play,
The clockwork of the soul revolves,
With gears that turn both night and day,
And time's soft mystery dissolves.

Each tick a whisper, soft and clear,
In rhythms etched by fate's design,
And as the moments draw so near,
The clockwork ticks in measured line.

The pendulum swings with gentle grace,
A dance of time through endless space,
And in its arc, I see the trace
Of life's own delicate embrace.

The cogs and wheels of deep emotion,
Turn in patterns undefined,
And through each turn, a silent notion
Of dreams and thoughts intertwined.

The hands of time, though sharp and swift,
Move through moments, slow and grand,
And in their sweep, the spirits lift,
Guided by the unseen hand.

The clockwork hums a subtle song,
A melody of moments passed,
And though it spins the days along,
It holds the memories steadfast.

For in each turn, a story's told,
Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
And as the clockwork moves so bold,
It marks the path of all our years.

So let the gears and wheels entwine,
In the clockwork of the soul's domain,
For in their dance, we see the sign
Of life's eternal, rhythmic chain.

EULOGY FOR THE LIVING

We gather here in reverent grace,
To honor life's enduring face,
Not for the end, but for the now,
To cherish how, and when, and how.

In every breath that we still share,
In every smile, and every care,
We find the moments that define
The beauty of this life of thine.

Not for the silence that will come,
But for the days still yet to hum,
For every heartbeat, every sigh,
A testament to life's own cry.

In joy and sorrow, laugh and tear,
We celebrate the living here,
The stories told in every glance,
The fleeting moments, and the dance.

The love you give, the warmth you show,
In every act, your spirit grows,
And though we face the shadowed night,
We honor you in morning light.

So here's to lives that shine so bright,
To every day and every night,
To hearts that beat, and souls that sing,
To every simple, precious thing.

A eulogy not for the end,
But for the life we still defend,
For every breath and every beat,
A living ode, both strong and sweet.

In every story, we'll recall,
The living presence, the spirit's call,
And though the end may one day loom,
We celebrate the life that's in bloom.

ECHOES OF WHAT WAS

In the corridors of memory's maze,
Where shadows linger, soft and faint,
The echoes of the past still gaze,
A haunting tune, a gentle plaint.

The whispers of a time long gone,
Resound in echoes, clear yet dim,
A song of what we've passed upon,
In every thought, a distant hymn.

The days we lived, the moments shared,
Are captured in the silent air,
And though the present might have fared,
The past's own voice is always there.

In every laugh, in every sigh,
The echoes of what was remain,
A ghostly dance, a fleeting try,
To capture joy and taste the pain.

The faces of those who once were near,
Are etched in echoes, bittersweet,
And though the present holds them dear,
It's in the past their shadows meet.

So as I walk through time's own veil,
I hear the echoes softly call,
A reminder that despite the frail,
The past remains, a gentle thrall.

For in each echo, there's a trace,
Of life that once was vivid, bright,
And though the years may leave their space,
The echoes keep the past in sight.

BRIDGES TO ETERNITY

Across the span of time and space,
We build our dreams on fragile beams,
And in the quiet, find our place,
Upon the bridges of our dreams.

Each bridge, a path to realms unknown,
A crossing to a distant shore,
Where hopes and fears are softly sewn,
And future's promise opens door.

With every step, the planks may creak,
Yet forward still, we bravely tread,
For though the journey seems unique,
It leads us where our hearts are led.

The arches rise through mist and light,
Connecting moments, past and new,
And in their curves, we catch a sight
Of what eternal realms might view.

The bridges built from love and loss,
From every tear and every smile,
Are crafted from the paths we cross,
To reach beyond our earthly trial.

And as we walk these spans so wide,
We leave behind our mortal trace,
A legacy of love and pride,
To guide us through the endless space.

For in each bridge, a story's told,
Of journeys made and futures cast,
And in their strength, we find the bold
Connection to our dreams amassed.

So let the bridges stand and shine,
A testament to life's great quest,
For in their span, the hearts entwine,
And reach toward the eternal rest.

THE FRAGILITY OF LIFE

In the delicate dance of day and night,
Life's threads are woven, fine and frail,
A tapestry of shadows and light,
Where moments pause and sometimes fail.

Each breath a whisper, soft and slight,
Each heartbeat, a fragile, fleeting song,
And as we journey through the light,
We find that life is brief and strong.

The petals of a blooming rose,
So beautiful, yet soft and thin,
Remind us of the truth that shows—
Life's beauty lies in what lies within.

The fleeting dawn, the twilight's grace,
The fragility in every hue,
Reflects the briefness of our place,
And all the things we strive to do.

The winds may change, the seasons turn,
And though the days may swiftly pass,
We cherish every lesson learned,
And find our strength in moments vast.

For in the fragility, we find,
A deeper love, a clearer view,
That life's own essence is entwined
In every heartbeat, every dew.

So let us hold each moment dear,
Embrace the soft and fleeting light,
For in the fragile, we see clear,
The strength of life's own precious flight.

A GLIMPSE BEYOND

In the hush of twilight's veil,
Where day and night begin to blend,
I seek a vision, faint and frail,
A glimpse beyond where shadows end.

The horizon stretches far and wide,
A line where dreams and reality meet,
And in that space where worlds collide,
I glimpse a truth both soft and sweet.

Through veils of mist and shades of light,
A distant realm begins to show,
A place where thoughts take winged flight,
And mysteries of the unknown flow.

The edges blur, the boundaries fade,
And in that space of twilight's gleam,
A vision forms, though softly made,
Of what lies beyond our waking dream.

In the quiet of the evening's grace,
Where stars begin their silent dance,
I catch a fleeting, fleeting trace
Of what awaits, a hopeful glance.

The glimpse beyond, though brief and shy,
Holds secrets of the vast unseen,
And as I reach toward the sky,
I feel the touch of what might have been.

So in the twilight's fleeting light,
I cherish every soft, strange hue,
For in that glimpse, both day and night,
The whispers of eternity are true.

THE FERRYMAN'S SONG

On the river's edge, where shadows blend,
The ferryman waits, his oar in hand,
And as the twilight skies descend,
He sings a song of the drifting land.

His boat, a vessel of the night,
Glides silently through waters deep,
And in its wake, a soft moonlight,
A lullaby for those who sleep.

“Come aboard,” he calls with grace,
“To where the waters gently flow,
Across the stream, to a sacred place,
Where time and memory softly go.

The river's song is old and wise,
A tale of lives and paths once crossed,
And in its depth, the soul's reprise,
A journey where no love is lost.

The waves will carry dreams away,
To realms where echoes gently play,
And though the shore may seem far away,
The ferryman will guide the way.

The oar dips low, the currents sing,
A melody of dusk and dawn,
And in its strains, a peaceful ring,
For every soul that's journeyed on.

So take my hand and feel the glide,
As we embark on paths untold,
The ferryman's song, a faithful guide,
Through realms of shadow, soft and cold.

And when the journey's end is nigh,
And morning light begins to gleam,
The ferryman's song will softly lie,
A final note in the waking dream.

IN THE HANDS OF TIME

In the cradle of the hours,
Where moments fold and shadows fall,
Time weaves its tapestry of powers,
And holds the echoes of us all.

Each tick a pulse in silence deep,
Each tock a whisper through the air,
And as the clock's soft rhythm keeps,
We find our place within its care.

The hands of time, both swift and slow,
Move through the fabric of our days,
And in their sweep, the memories flow,
Like rivers carved through ancient ways.

They mark the moments, fleeting, bright,
That build our lives with tender grace,
And in their dance from day to night,
We find our path, our time, our place.

In the hands of time, we leave our trace,
A fleeting imprint in the stream,
A dance of joy, a tender face,
A whispered sigh, a distant dream.

For time, though vast and ever wide,
Is but a mirror to our lives,
Reflecting all that we abide,
In every laugh and every sigh.

So let the hands of time embrace,
The moments that we hold so dear,
For in their movement, we find grace,
And see our lives both far and near.

And as they turn, with gentle might,
We walk the path that time has spun,
In the hands of time, both day and night,
Our lives are woven, one by one.

ROOTS IN THE EARTH

In the quiet depths of soil and stone,
Where roots reach out and tend to grow,
I find a place where life is sown,
And meaning in the loss we know.

The roots, though hidden, firmly bind,
To earth's embrace, both strong and deep,
And in their grasp, they seek and find
The strength to rise, the will to keep.

From loss, new life can often spring,
Just as the roots support the tree,
And though the branches may take wing,
The earth provides a place to be.

In every tear and every sigh,
There's nourishment for what will bloom,
And as we mourn, the heart may try
To find the light within the gloom.

The roots of sorrow delve and spread,
Yet in their path, new growth may rise,
And from the loss of what is shed,
There comes a beauty to surprise.

For in the earth, we find our place,
A grounding force, both firm and kind,
And as we lose, we also trace
The strength that in the soil we find.

So let the roots of grief take hold,
And anchor deep where life begins,
For in their grasp, a story's told
Of meaning found through loss and wins.

And as the branches reach above,
In search of light and skies anew,
The roots remind us of the love
That grows and flourishes, true.

A FLOWER IN THE GRAVEYARD

Amidst the stones and silent names,
Where shadows cast their solemn gaze,
A single bloom in quiet claims
Its place within the mournful haze.

The graveyard's somber, still expanse,
Is touched by color, soft and bright,
A flower's dance, a fleeting chance,
To bring a bit of joy to night.

Its petals, tender, pure, and fair,
Defy the dark and mournful ground,
And in its bloom, a silent prayer
Is whispered softly, all around.

The flower stands against the grey,
A testament to life's own grace,
And in its presence, spirits sway,
And find a brief, uplifting space.

For though the stones and earth are cold,
And loss may weigh with heavy hand,
The flower tells a story bold,
Of beauty's strength amid the land.

It speaks of life that gently grows,
Even in the midst of pain,
A symbol of the hope that shows.

The Phoenix's Flame

From the ashes of the past's embrace,
A flame ignites, both fierce and bright,
And in its glow, a timeless grace,
A phoenix rises through the night.

The embers of what once was lost,
Now kindle life in vibrant hues,
And as the fire's flames are tossed,
New strength and hope are born anew.

The ashes, once a symbol grim,
Now serve as fertile ground for change,
And from the dark, a light grows dim,
To blaze through skies both wide and strange.

The phoenix, with its wings unfurled,
Soars high above the fleeting dawn,
A symbol of a reborn world,
Where dreams and hopes are gently drawn.

The flames that dance in twilight's hue,
Embody both the end and start,
For in the fire's vivid view,
We find the echoes of the heart.

The fire consumes, then gently heals,
A cycle of destruction and birth,
And in its heat, the soul reveals
Its strength, its grace, its endless worth.

So let the phoenix blaze its trail,
Through skies that turn from dark to light,

For in its flame, we find the tale
Of life's rebirth through darkest night.

And as it rises from the ash,
We see the promise of the new,
The phoenix's flame, a brilliant flash,
Of hope and strength in all we do.

HEARTBEATS OF MEMORY

In the quiet of the evening's calm,
Where time slows down and shadows blend,
The heartbeats of our memories balm
The wounds of past, where dreams transcend.

Each pulse, a rhythm soft and clear,
Resounds with echoes of the past,
And in its beat, the moments near
Are captured in the heart's own cast.

The memories, like tender threads,
Weave through the chambers of the soul,
And in their pattern, love is shed,
A tapestry that makes us whole.

Each heartbeat carries tales of old,
Of laughter shared, of tears that fell,
And in its pulse, the stories hold
A gentle echo, a timeless spell.

The moments that we hold so dear
Are etched in beats both strong and faint,
And in the quiet, we can hear
The heart's own song, both wise and quaint.

The rhythm of the past's embrace
Plays softly through the corridors,
And in its beat, we find a place
Where time and memory intertwine.

So let the heartbeats gently play,
A symphony of love and loss,
For in their cadence, we can stay
Connected to what time has crossed.

And as the beats of memory flow,
We cherish every pulse and sigh,
For in each heartbeat, we may know
The essence of the days gone by.

GARDENS OF GRIEF

In the quiet corners of the mind,
Where sorrow's seeds are gently sown,
A garden of grief begins to wind,
With petals dark and overgrown.

The soil is rich with tears and time,
And in its depths, the roots take hold,
Creating blooms both sharp and prime,
A landscape where the heart is bold.

Each flower, touched by shades of pain,
Unfolds in mourning's muted hues,
Yet in their growth, there's beauty lain,
A testament to what we lose.

The roses weep with dewdrop tears,
The lilies sway in sorrow's breeze,
And in their grace, the heart appears,
To find a way through darkened leaves.

The garden grows with every sigh,
With every memory that's been lost,
And in its midst, the spirits lie,
Enclosed in shadows, softly crossed.

Yet in the garden's mournful sprawl,
There's strength and solace to be found,
For even as the leaves may fall,
The earth receives what's underground.

From grief, new life may sometimes spring,
As roots entwine with tender grace,
And in the garden, hope may cling
To blossoms that the heart's embraced.

So tend the garden with your care,
And through the mourning's ebb and flow,
Find solace in the blooms that fare,
In gardens where the grief may grow.

For in each petal, soft and worn,
There's a story of the heart's release,
And in the garden, grief is sworn
To yield its pain and find its peace.

STARLIGHT OF THE DEPARTED

In the silent veil of night's embrace,
Where stars like whispers gently gleam,
The starlight of the departed graces
The sky with dreams and memories seam.

Each star a spark of souls once known,
Their light a bridge from past to present,
A shimmer of the love they've shown,
A guide through nights both bright and crescent.

The constellations softly trace
The paths that we have walked in life,
And in their glow, a tender space
For every joy and every strife.

Their light, though distant, warms the heart,
A beacon in the darkened skies,
And as their brilliance plays its part,
It soothes the soul and lifts the eyes.

The stories of the departed shine,
In patterns etched across the night,
And in their starlight, we can find
A glimpse of peace and soft delight.

Their luminous presence, though far,
Reminds us of the love that stays,

A constant in the shifting stars,
A guide through all our nights and days.

So let the starlight gently fall,
And touch the heart with its serene,
For in the sky's celestial sprawl,
The departed's light is always seen.

And as we gaze upon the night,
We feel their warmth, their endless grace,
The starlight of the departed bright,
A timeless love we can embrace.

MOURNING'S SONG

In the stillness of the dawn's first light,
Where shadows linger, soft and low,
A song emerges from the night,
A mourning's tune, a gentle flow.

It hums through the quiet, empty space,
A melody of loss and grace,
With notes that drift like whispered tears,
Across the landscape of our fears.

The lyrics speak of days gone by,
Of laughter shared and soft goodbyes,
And in its strains, the heart finds peace,
A solace in the grief's release.

The song, though somber, has its place,
A tribute to the love we trace,
And as it weaves through twilight's hue,
It honors what we once held true.

Each note a fragment of the past,
A tender touch, a fleeting glance,
And in its cadence, we are cast
Into a realm where memories dance.

The melody, both sweet and sore,
Brings comfort to the aching soul,
And as it lingers evermore,
It helps the broken parts feel whole.

So let the mourning's song be sung,
A chorus of the heart's own call,
For in its music, we are strung
Together, as we rise from fall.

And in its echoes, we may find
A pathway through the grief we bear,
A song that heals and soothes the mind,
A balm for all the tears we share.

A LEGACY OF LOVE

In the tapestry of time and space,
Where moments weave a thread so fine,
A legacy of love leaves trace,
In every heart and every line.

The acts of kindness, soft and clear,
The gentle touch, the words once said,
Are echoes of the love held dear,
A light that guides where we are led.

Through laughter shared and tears that fall,
The legacy is gently spun,
A story of a love that's tall,
A beacon set beneath the sun.

Each gesture made, each heartfelt care,
Becomes a part of what remains,
A testament to how we bear
The bonds of love through joy and pains.

The seeds of affection sown in time,
Grow into blooms of vibrant grace,
And in their petals, we may find
The warmth of love's eternal embrace.

The legacy lives in the hearts we touch,
In every memory and every deed,
A reflection of a love so much,
That grows with every thought and need.

So let the love that we impart
Become a light for others' way,
A beacon from the deepest heart,
To guide them through each coming day.

For in the legacy we leave behind,
Is a testament of love's true power,
A gift of kindness, gentle, kind,
That blossoms in each fleeting hour.

And as the years continue on,
The love we shared will ever grow,
A legacy of hearts beyond,
A light that forever will glow.

REFLECTIONS IN THE RAIN

As raindrops trace their silent course,
Upon the glass of twilight's pane,
The world transforms with gentle force,
And all we see are reflections in the rain.

The streets become a mirrored maze,
Where colors blur and shadows blend,
And in the puddles' shifting gaze,
Our memories and dreams ascend.

The rain, a canvas soft and gray,
Unveils the scenes we often miss,
And in its touch, the past may sway,
A fleeting dance of love and bliss.

Each drop a whisper, faint and clear,
Of moments lost and moments near,
And as they fall, they softly steer
Our hearts to places held so dear.

The reflections in the rain reveal
The echoes of a time once bright,
And through the mist, the feelings heal,
As dreams and memories take flight.

The city's lights, a fleeting spark,
Reflect upon the dampened ground,
And in their glow, the night's deep dark
Is softened by the rain's sweet sound.

The patterns form a gentle guide,
A map of what we've left behind,
And in their shift, we may decide
To cherish all that's intertwined.

So let the rain's soft touch embrace,
The moments past, the dreams we've spun,
For in its reflections, we may trace
The paths of what is yet to come.

And as we walk through rain's soft grace,
We find a solace, deep and plain,
In every drop, a soft embrace,
Reflections of our lives in rain.

WOUNDS THAT HEAL

In the quiet still of twilight's grace,
Where shadows blend and moments fade,
There lie the wounds we cannot face,
Yet find a way to softly trade.

For in the depths of hurt and pain,
A healing begins, though slow and shy,
And from the scars, a strength is gained,
As time mends wounds that once ran dry.

Each tear that falls, each sigh released,
Becomes a balm for what we bear,
And in the wounds, a healing feast,
A tender space where hearts repair.

The pain that once felt sharp and true,
Transforms with gentle, healing might,
And in its wake, a clearer view,
Of how we mend through darkest night.

The wounds that heal are marks of life,
Of battles fought and stories told,
A testament to overcoming strife,
And emerging from the cold.

For in each scar, a lesson lies,
A map of trials that we've passed,
And in their depths, the strength of skies,
A testament to how we last.

So let the wounds be softly kissed
By time's own gentle, healing hands,
For in their touch, a peace exists,
A balm that mends and understands.

And as the heart begins to heal,
From wounds that once felt harsh and raw,
We find a strength that's pure and real,
In every scar, a love we draw.

For wounds that heal are not in vain,
But signs of life's own tender grace,
A testament to joy and pain,
And to the love we embrace.

MOONLIGHT'S TOUCH

In the hush of night, where shadows play,
The moonlight casts its gentle glow,
And with its touch, it lights the way,
To places where the heart can go.

The silver beams caress the earth,
A soothing balm for restless dreams,
And in their light, there's quiet worth,
A peace that in the darkness gleams.

The moon's embrace, so soft and mild,
Unfolds a calm upon the night,
And in its glow, the heart's beguiled,
To find a tranquil, serene light.

Each beam a whisper, soft and true,
A promise of the calm to find,
And as it bathes the world in hue,
It soothes the soul and clears the mind.

In moonlight's touch, we find release,
From worries of the day gone by,
A gentle touch that brings us peace,
And lifts our spirits to the sky.

The night unfolds its velvet wings,
And in its depth, the moonlight glows,
A tranquil touch that softly brings
A sense of peace that gently grows.

So let the moonlight's tender grace
Guide you through the night's embrace,
And find in its serene, soft face,
A place where peace and dreams interlace.

For in the moon's soft, silvery light,
We find acceptance, calm, and rest,
A gentle touch that makes things right,
A balm for hearts, a soothing nest.

THE QUIET DAWN

In the soft embrace of morning's grace,
Where night surrenders to the light,
The quiet dawn begins to trace
A new beginning, calm and bright.

The world awakens with a hush,
As shadows fade and colors blend,
And in the gentle, golden flush,
A tranquil peace begins to mend.

The sky, adorned with hues of gold,
Paints a canvas soft and clear,
And in its calm, a story told
Of hope and quiet drawing near.

The dawn, so still, yet full of grace,
Unfolds its arms in silent cheer,
And in its touch, we find our place,
A moment's pause from what we fear.

Each ray of light a gentle guide,
A whisper in the morning's breeze,
And in its glow, we may confide
Our hopes and dreams with quiet ease.

The quiet dawn, with tender might,
Bestows a peace upon the land,
And in its calm, the soul takes flight,
To find the strength to understand.

So let the dawn's soft light renew,
The heart and mind with gentle cheer,
For in its quiet, we find the view
Of all that's calm and crystal clear.

And as the day begins to rise,
Embrace the peace the dawn bestows,
For in its quiet, there's a prize,
A tranquil start that softly grows.

ASHES TO STARS

From the ashes of the past's embrace,
Where dreams and hopes have burned away,
There rises light, a tender grace,
That turns the night to brighter day.

The remnants of what once was lost,
Now fuel the spark of future's flame,
And in their glow, a path is crossed,
A journey shaped by hopes reclaimed.

The stars emerge from dust and fire,
Their brilliance born from what's been shed,
A testament to dreams that aspire,
And rise beyond the night's dark dread.

Each spark a story, softly told,
Of transformation, fierce and bright,
And in their light, a tale unfolds
Of ashes turning into light.

The cosmos, vast and deeply wide,
Reflects the journey from despair,
And in its expanse, we may confide,
That even ashes find repair.

The stars that twinkle in the night,
Are symbols of the hopes reborn,
And from the ashes, pure and bright,
A new creation is adorned.

So let the past's soft ashes guide
The dreams that shimmer in the sky,
For in their light, we may abide,
And reach beyond where shadows lie.

And as the stars ignite the dark,
Embrace the journey from the end,
For in the ashes, there's a spark,
Of stars that light and dreams that mend.

IN THE ARMS OF INFINITY

In the vast expanse where time dissolves,
Where moments stretch beyond the known,
We find ourselves in realms that solve
The mysteries of life's deep tone.

The arms of infinity embrace,
A boundless reach that holds us near,
And in its grasp, we find our place,
A sense of peace that's crystal clear.

The cosmos hums a gentle song,
A lullaby of endless space,
And in its notes, we are belong,
A fleeting moment in its grace.

Each star a whisper, soft and grand,
A beacon in the boundless night,
And in their light, we understand,
Our souls entwined in endless flight.

The arms of infinity extend,
To cradle all that's vast and true,
And in their reach, we find the end,
A boundless love that's ever new.

In this embrace, the heart can rest,
And leave behind the earthly strife,
For in the infinite, we're blessed,
With timeless peace and boundless life.

So let the cosmos gently hold,
The dreams and hopes that softly gleam,
For in infinity's arms, we're told
Of endless peace and endless dream.

And as we drift through starry skies,
In infinite's tender, warm embrace,
We find the solace in our eyes,
A place of peace, a timeless space.

THE BREATH OF THE SEA

In the rhythmic sighs of ocean's crest,
Where waves caress the sandy shore,
There breathes a peace, a tranquil rest,
A whisper of the sea's soft lore.

The salty air, a gentle kiss,
Upon the skin, a cool caress,
It speaks of depths and endless bliss,
A calm that's boundless, limitless.

The sea's breath, in its ebb and flow,
Breathes life into the weary soul,
And with its tide, it seems to show
The way to find a heart made whole.

Each wave that rolls, a gentle touch,
Each breeze that blows, a soft refrain,
And in its breath, we learn so much
About the peace that heals our pain.

The ocean's breath, so vast and free,
Unfolds a world of calm and grace,
A symphony of unity,
A serenade in nature's space.

So let the sea's breath fill the mind,
And soothe the spirit's weary quest,
For in its whispers, we shall find
A tranquil heart, a soul at rest.

And as the waves kiss shores anew,
Embrace the breath of sea's soft song,
For in its rhythm, calm and true,
We find where hearts and souls belong.

CLOAK OF NIGHT

In the soft embrace of twilight's veil,
Where shadows stretch and whispers grow,
The cloak of night begins to sail,
A silent cover for the world below.

It wraps the earth in fabric deep,
A shroud of stars and moonlit grace,
And in its fold, the secrets sleep,
A timeless calm, a gentle space.

The night's cloak drapes with tender might,
A blanket soft, both dark and warm,
It holds the world in quiet light,
Protecting all from day's bright storm.

Each star a stitch, a distant flame,
In the cloak that drapes the sky,
And in its shimmer, we reclaim
A sense of peace as night draws nigh.

The moon, a guide through darkened seas,
Illuminates the path we tread,
And in its glow, the heart finds ease,
A tranquil rest where dreams are spread.

The cloak of night, so vast and still,
Enfolds the world in soft embrace,
And in its depths, the heart can fill
With solace found in its quiet grace.

So let the night's embrace be true,
A haven for the weary soul,
For in its cloak, we find anew
A peaceful place where hearts are whole.

And as the dawn begins to break,
The cloak of night will slowly fade,
Yet in its shroud, we've found the stake
Of calm and rest that night has made.

RETURN TO THE EARTH

When twilight fades and shadows wane,
And whispers of the day grow thin,
We journey back to earth again,
To where our stories first begin.

The soil awaits with arms so wide,
A cradle for the restless soul,
And in its depth, we gently slide,
To find the peace that makes us whole.

The earth, with tender, patient grace,
Receives the weary, worn-out heart,
And in its warmth, we find a place
To rest and mend, to make a start.

Each grain of soil, a memory,
Each leaf a testament of time,
And in their quiet, we can see
The cycle of the grand design.

From dust to dust, we make our way,
Returning to the land we know,
And in this journey, we relay
The love and life that we bestow.

The earth's embrace, so soft and true,
Offers solace from the strain,
And in its depths, the life we knew
Returns to where it will remain.

So let us rest within its fold,
And let the earth's own calm prevail,
For in its arms, we'll find the gold
Of timeless peace and gentle veil.

And as the seasons turn and spin,
Our essence blends with nature's song,
Returning to the earth again,
Where all of us forever belong.

A FEATHER IN THE BREEZE

In the gentle sway of autumn's breath,
Where whispers of the wind take flight,
A feather drifts in quiet depth,
A soft, light touch in fleeting sight.

It dances on the currents high,
A tender kiss from sky to earth,
And in its path, it seems to sigh,
A symbol of both grace and worth.

The breeze, a gentle guiding hand,
Carries the feather far and wide,
And in its flight, we understand
The beauty in the drifting tide.

Each flutter tells a tale so sweet,
Of freedom found in winds that roam,
And in its journey, we may meet
A sense of peace, a place called home.

The feather's path, though soft and light,
Reflects the spirit's quiet quest,
To wander through the day and night,
And find its way to peaceful rest.

It tumbles through the open sky,
With no intent, yet full of grace,
And in its gentle, drifting sigh,
We find a mirror of our place.

So let the feather's flight inspire,
A sense of calm within the soul,
For in its journey, we acquire
A gentle peace that makes us whole.

And as it settles, soft and free,
Upon the earth it finds its ground,
We see a part of you and me
In every breeze where feathers're found.

A KISS FROM BEYOND

In the quiet moments of the night,
When shadows dance and stars are near,
There comes a kiss from realms of light,
A tender touch that's soft and clear.

It whispers through the veil so thin,
A gentle caress from worlds unseen,
And in its warmth, we feel within
A love that's pure and ever keen.

The kiss from beyond, so softly laid,
Imparts a peace that soothes the soul,
And in its grace, we find a shade
Of comfort that makes broken whole.

Each breath it carries from afar,
A sigh that travels through the space,
And in its glow, like a distant star,
We find a touch of love's embrace.

It's felt in dreams and silent prayer,
A fleeting brush of spirit's grace,
And though it comes from somewhere rare,
It leaves a trace upon our face.

The kiss from beyond, so gentle, sweet,
Is like a promise of the night,
And in its touch, we may complete
The journey to the soft, soft light.

So let this kiss from realms above
Be a balm for the heart's own need,
For in its touch, we find the love
That heals and helps our spirits lead.

And as we drift on midnight's breeze,
Embrace the kiss from beyond the day,
For in its warmth, we find the ease
To guide us through the coming way.

WHISPERS OF ETERNITY

In the hush of twilight's gleam,
Where time seems to pause and sway,
There come the whispers of a dream,
Soft echoes of eternity's stay.

They speak in tones both faint and clear,
A language of the endless night,
And in their breath, we draw near
To realms beyond our mortal sight.

Each whisper a caress so fine,
A message from the infinite,
And in its gentle, soothing line,
We find a truth, serene and bright.

The whispers drift through space and time,
A symphony of stars and moon,
And in their notes, both soft and prime,
We hear the echoes of a tune.

They tell of worlds beyond the stars,
Of lives entwined and endless grace,
And as we listen through the bars
Of time's own cage, we find our place.

The whispers of eternity blend
With dreams and hopes that softly soar,
And in their touch, we comprehend
The boundless peace they have in store.

So let these whispers guide the heart,
Through night's deep calm and gentle hue,
For in their soft, eternal art,
We find the peace of skies so true.

And as we drift on dreams so light,
Embrace the whispers of the vast,
For in their calm, we find the light
That guides us through the shadows cast.

RUNA

Runa is bright with unending love,
A beacon in the darkest night,
Her heart a star that shines above,
A gentle, ever-glowing light.

In every smile, a warmth is found,
A tenderness that softly flows,
Her spirit dances all around,
Wherever she goes, love grows.

With eyes that sparkle like the dawn,
She sees the beauty in each day,
And through her gaze, we are reborn,
To find the light along the way.

Her touch, a balm for weary souls,
A comfort in the midst of strife,
And in her embrace, the world unfolds,
A sanctuary for life.

Runa's love, a timeless thread,
Weaves through the fabric of the heart,
And in her presence, fear is shed,
For she's the light that never parts.

Her laughter rings with pure delight,
A melody that lifts the heart,
And in her joy, the world feels right,
A masterpiece, a work of art.

So let Runa's love be our guide,
A beacon shining ever true,
For in her light, we find the stride
To embrace the love that she imbues.

And as her spirit shines so bright,
We walk the path she gently paves,
In Runa's glow, we find our might,
And cherish the love that she gave.

A NEW BEGINNING

In the hush of dawn's first light,
Where shadows softly blend with gold,
There lies a world, both pure and bright,
A canvas new, a tale untold.

The echoes of yesterday's tears,
Now whisper softly in the breeze,
They drift away as hope appears,
A fleeting moment, time to seize.

From the ashes of the old,
A phoenix rises, bold and true,
With wings of dreams, it takes its hold,
On skies adorned in shades of blue.

Embrace the dawn, the sky's embrace,
Let go of doubts that cloud your mind,
For in each breath, a gentle grace,
A chance to leave the past behind.

The road ahead is yours to chart,
With every step, new paths unfold,
A journey fresh, a brand new start,
A story waiting to be told.

So as the sun ascends the sky,
And paints the world in hues of fire,
Know that within you, dreams can fly,
A new beginning, ever higher.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Mohammad Sheikh Shahinur Rahman is a poet, software engineer, and cybersecurity enthusiast whose creative work spans both technology and the arts. With a deep passion for exploring the complexities of human experience, Shahinur's poetry delves into themes of life, death, and love, offering a reflective and poignant perspective on these universal subjects.

Shahinur's journey in the world of poetry began as a personal quest to understand and articulate the profound emotions and experiences that define our lives. His work is characterized by its introspective nature and emotional depth, drawing from his own reflections and experiences.

In addition to his literary pursuits, Shahinur is a dedicated software engineer with a strong interest in cybersecurity. His professional background includes a focus on ethical hacking, web application security, and information security. This technical expertise complements his creative endeavors, bringing a unique analytical perspective to his writing.

Shahinur's diverse interests also extend to the field of ethical hacking, where he continues to expand his knowledge and skills. His commitment to both his professional and creative pursuits reflects a deep-seated dedication to exploring and understanding the world in all its dimensions.

Through "Death or You," Shahinur invites readers to embark on a journey of contemplation and discovery, exploring the intricate interplay of life, death, and love. His poetry serves as both a personal reflection and a universal exploration, resonating with readers from all walks of life.

When not immersed in his writing or professional work, Shahinur enjoys engaging with his broader interests, including technology, literature, and the arts. His multifaceted career and creative pursuits continue to shape his unique voice as a poet and thinker.